IN THE LITERARY WORLD.

WHERLY CHAT REGARDING WRIT. ERS AND BOOKS.

Medical Mouthly for January "Iwo Offenders," by Oulda Other Recent Publications-"The Handsome Humes."

LIFE OF GENERAL JOSEPH E. JOHN-STON, By Robert M. Hughes, D. Appleton & Co. New York, Publishers,

A few months ago the writer of this notice met in New York with General James Grant Wilson, the editor of the interesting series of volumes which are being issued under the title of "Great Com-

Wilson informed him that the life of Gen. Joseph E. Johnston, by Rob-ert M. Hughes, of Norfolk, Va. was one of the very best volumes of the series which had yet appeared. Since their the writer has had the great pleasure and profit of reading the volume himself. Mr. Hughes was admirably fit-ted for his task. He had already attained ted for his task. He had already attained an enviable reputation as a master of a clear and vigorous style, which is fully sustained in this volume. He was a near relation of General Johnston, and had been selected by him as his biographer. He came to his task full of sympathy with the subject, and with a careful preparation. The result is a most interesting and ably written volume.

An interesting account is given of General Johrston's ancestry, both in their residence in Scotland and in America, and we find that he came by his high qualities as a soldier by direct inheritance. After completing his militarys education at West Point, his first act of service was as a member of Gen. Scott's staff in the war with the Florida Indians. His gallant conduct in this war earned for him the promotion to a captaincy in the regular army. He was wounded twice in the forchead, the marks of which he carried to the day of his death.

After his service in Florida, he was as After his service in Florida, he was assigned to various duties on the corps of Topographical Engineers, and took part in the survey of the boundary between the United States and the British provinces. On the completion of this, he was attached to the coast-survey, with which he remained until the out-break of the Marken war. When General Scott took Mexican war. When General Scott took command of the American army, in Mexi-co, Johnston was appointed Lt. Col. of co, Johnston was appointed Lt. Col. of Voltiquers, and was one of the foremost in the celebrated assault upon Chapultepec, which resulted in the surrender of the city of Mexico. In this assault Johnston received three wounds, which caused Gen. Scott to say of him, "Johnston is a great soldier, but he has an unfortunate knack of getting himself shot in nearly every engagement."

In 1880, he was appointed Quarter Master General of the United States, from among four persons named by General

ter General of the United States, from among four persons named by General Scott as fitted for the position; the other three were Robert E. Lee, Albert Sidney Johnston, and Charles F. Smith. The office was an important one, as it gave rank next to General Scott, Commanderin-Chief, whose advanced age might, at any time, devolve the command of the United States army, upon the appointee. John B. Floyd was Secretary of War, and appointed Joseph E. Johnston, in spite of the opposition of Jefferson Davis, ther chairman of the Senate Committee on Military Affairs. The appointment raised him to the position of a Brigadier-Gen-eral, and kept him in Washington until he resigned his commission on the 22nd, of April., 1861 to offer his sword to his native State, which a few days before, had passed the ordinance of secession. And now we enter upon the all important part of Johnston's life; the part which entitled him to be included in the list of "Great Commanders." Our without in describing Johnston's million. the list of "Great Commanders." Our author in describing Johnston's military career in the late war between the States has proved himself to be a military historian of a high order. He has handled President Jefferson Davis, Gen. Pemberton, Gen. Bragg, and Gen. Hood, with "gloves off," and has shown by indubitable proof that each one was unfit for the resiliton he held, and without excuse for position he held, and without excuse for the inimical part he bore toward John-ston. The persecutions of President Dr-vis after the war by the North caused the generous South to lock upon him as a martyr to their cause and to forget, or to ignore his shortcomings as President of the Confederacy. That feeling is passing away, however, and the publication of the official War Records and of the correspondence of President Davis during the war will relegate him, even in the minds of the scuthern people to his true position in history. That he was conceited, fancted himself a great military genius, able to direct his generals in the field however distant the scene of war; that he was prejudiced against some of his best generals, and continued to show implicit confidence in some of his worst; that he was head-strong in adhering to any position he took, and that he never really grayped the proper plan for defending the Confederacy; and, finally, that he was the down-fall of the Confederacy, by the policy he persued; all that may be now clearly read in undisputed records. martyr to their cause and to forget, or Against no one of his generals was his prejudice more-clearly and more-persistently exhibited than against Gen. Johnston. They radically differed as to the proper method of the conduct of the war. President Davis insisted that the true policy was to defend every part of the extended territory of the Confederacy, which was but to frighten away the resources of the South in a vain effort. Johnston, on the contrary, insisted on concentrating the southern armies, and overwhelming the northern forces, which were opposed, saying that the destruction of an army would soon restore any territory which had been allowed to be previously occupied. Again General Johnston differed from Mr. Davis, in that he had a full appreciation of the tremendous task which had been laid upon the southern Confederacy, and never underrated task which had been laid upon the south-ern Confederacy, and never underrated the soldierly qualities of his foe, or his almost boundless resources. His first com-mand under the Confederacy was at Har-per's Ferry. Finding it of no strategic importance, and easily flanked, he with-drew to Winchester, where he could command the several roads by which the command the several roads by which the Federal forces could enter the valley. Here he held at bay for some time the superior force under Gen. Patterson. Deceiving Patterson as to his movements, he rapidly conveyed his army to Manassas, where his troops bore the brunt of the celebrated battle of July 21, 1861, and he, as ranking officer of Beauregard, had the main direction of the battle. President Davis rewarded Johston's brilliant services in winning this great victory

had the main direction of the battle. President Davis rewarded Johston's brilliant services in winning this great victory in a very peculiar manner. The Confederate Congress had pledged officers resigning from the United States' army that their commissions in the Confederate army should bear one and the same date, so that their relative rank should be determined by their former commissions in the United States' army.

Davis, however, sent in the nominations of five generals who had resigned from the United States' army. He dated the commission of S. Cooper, May 16th; of Albert Sidney Johnston, May 28th; of Robert E. Lee, June 14th; of Josept E. Johnston, July 4th; of G. T. Beauregard, July 21st. The order was in accordance with the commissions of the old army, except that General Johnston, who had out-ranked them all, was transferred from the first to the fourth rank in the Confederate army. Johnston at once protested against this injustice in vigorous, yet courteous language. President Davis declared the letter unbecoming, and without offering any explanation of his conduct, stood upon his dignity. We next find General Johnston in command of the Confederate forces on the pentusula, opposed to the invasion of McClellan. The author gives us an admirable account of Jebnston's tactics, ending in the battle of Seven Pines, in which he was severely wounded. He had insisted that President Davis should concentrate a force at Richmond sufficient to overwhelm McClellan before he could arrange to cover his retreat. President Davis refused to lake the step, which later he was forced

from protecting his retreat.

Before General Johnston was fully recovered from his wound he was placed in command of the western department. With headquarters at Chattanooga. This department was in the most unsatisfactory condition. General Pemberton commanded one of its armies, and was endeavoring to protect Vicksburg from a large force under Geheral Grant. General Bragg commanded another army, and was endeavoring to protect Tennessee from a superior force under Rosenerans. General Holmes commanded a large Confederate force beyond the Mississippi, but with no enemy of importance to face him. This force Johnston asked to be transferred to the east, and joined with Pemberton, which would have given him an army superior to General Grant's. President Davis refused to permit it. In the operations around Vicksburg our author shows that General Pemberton disobeyed every order given him by General Johnston, and was finally cooped up in the town by General Grant. Before General Johnston, and was finally cooped up in the town by General offers at Missionary Ridge. These two favorites at Missionary Ridge. These two favorites of the President were only raised higher in his estimation by the demonstration of their incapacity to command. He attempted to give Pemberton another command, but the soidlers refused to serve under him He transferred Bragg from an army which had lost confidence in him to the seat of government, and gave him the position which had lately been filled by Geteral Lee, namely, that of military adviser of the President in the conduct of the war. He placed General Johnston in immediate command of the decimated and disheartened army which had been commarded by General Eragg, and urged upon him an aggressive policy before he had had an opportunity of restoring the discipline, confidence, and prestige of the army, and while it was deficient in numbers, arms, stores, and transportations were commenced the spirit of the army opposed to it under General Sheman, which was more than double in nun bers. Sheman com

strongly fortified, General Johnston de-termined to make a stand on the heights termined to make a stand on the negate of Peachtree creek, and attack the enemy as he was crossing this large stream. In the meanwhile, however, General Braug had arrived at Atlanta on an entirely unofficial visit, as he said. Johnston afforded him every facility to Johnston afforded him every facility to learn the state of affairs. Bragg returned at once to Richmond, bearing a letter from General Hood, in which, by misstatements, he secretly endeavored to undermine his commander. On the 17th of July, 1863, while Johnston was preparing to fall men the group of Packet. of July, 1853, while Johnston was prepar-ing to fall upon the enemy at Peachtree Creek, he received a telegram from Rich-mond, removing him from the command of the army, and putting Hood in his stead. The disastrous result which im-mediately followed need not be here re-hearsed. The campaign of Johnston is considered one of the most considered one

hearsed. The campaign of Johnston is considered one of the most remarkable in military history, and is now among the text-books of military schools.

Johnston was thus forced into inaction until the 23d of February, 1865, when, the Confederate Congress having made General Lee commander-in-chief of the Confederate forces and the confederate forces are considered Johnston to the Confederate Congress and Johnston to the Confederate Congress and Johnston to the Confederate federate forces, he assigned Johnston to the command of what was left of the army of Tennessee and the troops in the department of South Carolina, Georgia, and Florida. The appointment gave new spirit to these shattered forces. Johnston concentrated his forces as rapidly as possible, and in quite a number of minor engagements held the vastly superior forces of Sherman at bay, until the surrender of Lee at Appomattox. Then, fully
aware that the contest was over, he
made his celebrated agreement with
Sherman, which terminated the war. An
admirable chapter is added upon the
private life of Johnston, and altogether
the author has satisfied his readers that
the reputation of Johnston will continue
to wax, however the reputation of others
may wane. This volume should have a
wide circulation.

W. W. H. forces of Sherman at bay, until the sur may wane. This wide circulation.

VIRGINIA MEDICAL MONTHLY: Jan unry, 1894. Landon B. Edwards, M. D., 196 west Grace street, Richmond, editor and preprietor. 33. per annum. For sale by West, Johnston & Co.

The January issue of the Virginia Medi-The January issue of the Virginia Medical Monthly centains in addition to eight admirable papers under the head of "Original Communications," an unusuality full and interesting series of editorials.

T. M. Baird, of Hot Springs, Ark., S. McCuen Smith, M. D., of Philadelphia, John J. Caldwell, M. D., of Baitmore, B. M. Atkinson, M. D., of Staunton, Va., Chitton Mayfield, M. D., of Washington, D. C., W. A. Newran Derland, A. M., M. D., of Philadelphia, and Stuart mcGuire, M. D., are each represented by McGuire, M. D., are each represented by an able paper in the department devoted to "Original Communications." The vari-sty of subjects discussed made it difficult entiemen; the work of each is bound to interest many readers. Lir. Michigare s st claim to originalty, is valuable to the many readers of the "Medical Monthly s abstracts from the lectures of an able surgeon who has put his experience into

Eleven pages are devoted to Chincai Reports, three to correspondence, (an in-teresting letter from Dr. Junes, of New rleans), four to analyses, relections, etc. eight to Book Notices, and ten to editori-

This initial issue of the New Year presents in all of its departments exceptional y attractive and strong papers through South, East and West is represented. TWO OFFENDERS: By Oulda. J. B

Lappincott Company, Philadelphia, \$1. For sale by West, Johnston & Co. The book contains two short stories-"An ingrate," and "An Assassin." The pathos, and strong in its character sketching. Max, Rosecof, Valbranche, Pepin ere vividly real and vividly human. The second story is exceptionally un-chaste, even for a vilter whose success has been built upon an appeal to the lowest in humanity, and an audacious

portrayal of depravity, or the kind that walks on velvet carpet and breathes perfumed air.
"The Assassin," however does not portray glit edged vice or stop at sug-gestions of uncleanness. It is thoroughly impregnated with impurity; it teaches no noble lerson, the actors in it may have their prototypes in the police courts, but it is to be hoped they are not vsual, even

It is to be deplored that a woman of undoubted power should have so misused her talents as to render her very name a synonym for impurity.

THE HANDSOME HUMES: By William Black. Harper & Stos., New York. \$1.5. For sale by West, Johnston &

THE AMERICAN GIRL AT COLLEGE: By Lida Rose McCabe. Dodd, Mead & Co., New York. For sale by West, Johnston & Co.

Johnston & Co.

LETTERS OF FRANCE: By B. Phillips
Brooks, late Bishop of Massachusetts.
For sale by West, Johnston & Co.
The new year opens prusperously for
the readers of sacred verse with an exquisite edition of "The Temple" of George
Herbert, who beyond most English singers

is worthy of the name "Holy George Her, bert," which the world has bestowed upon him. Waiton's "Life" of this sainted man was not published until forty-four years after his ashes were deposited in the little church at Bemerton, to which reverent pligrimages have been made ever since, and have been illuminated within the last few years by the stained window through which Mr. Childs has east a dim religious light throughout the porch of this church triumphant. Herbert, or his first editor Nicholas Farren, divided these divine canticles of his into "Sacred Poems" and "Private Ejaculatiors," and subdivided these into "The Church Porch," "The Church" and "The Church Militant," the second section Church Porch, The Church Militant," the second section containing the greater number of these melodious lyrics, of which there are between one hundred and sixty and seventy. Of course the old-time spelling is care fully followed. The charm of this new edifully followed. The charm of this new edition, apart from its text, consists in its illustrations, of which there are seventy-seven, selected from the choicest examples of Durer, Whitney, Murnee, Marcantorne, Van Leyden, Schongann, Holbein, Hallar, Sunner, Aldequire, Alcitus, Siler and Scopper, the palms of honor falling upon the great Master of Nuremberg. The galleries of Europe have yielded up their treasures for the adornment of this volume, the print room of the British Museum standing foremost among them. We shall not ing foremost among them. We shall not extract the poem by which Herbert is best known—"Sweet day, so cool, so calm, so bright"—nor more than one-third of its equally famous follower. Here it is:

"O day most calm, most bright, The fruit of this, the next world's bud, The indorsement of supreme delight.
Writ by a friend, and with his blood;
The couch of time, care's balm and bay;
The couch were dark but for thy light;
Thy torch does show the way.

The Sundaise of man's life. Thee add together as time's sting, Make bracelets to adorn the wife Of the eternall glorious King: On Sunday beaven's gate stands ope; Blessings are plentiful and rife, More plentifull than hope.

And when the week-dayes trail on ground, Thy flight is higher, as thy birth. O let me take thee at the bound. Leaping with thee from sev'n to sev'n, Till that we both, being toss'd from earth,

File hand in hand to heaven!" What was it Sir Philip Sidney said of a volume like this? "Live ever, sweet Booke!" (McMillan & Co.)

Booke!" (McMillan & Co.)
We have from Messrs. Fords, Howard & Hulbert, in an illuminated cover of red and black, "The Sistine Madonna." Amory H. Bradford. This booklet of forty-one pages is a "Christmas Medita-tion," in prose and verse. Here beginneth the first lesson, "Different men have different gifts," and ends the last in prose: "Mystery is the appropriate gar-ment of divinity." Like Saint Sextus and prose: "Mystery is the appropriate gar-ment of divinity." Like Saint Sextus and Santa Barbara, in Raphael's picture, we adore and are silent before their ineffable

Mr. George H. Ellis, of Boston, Mr. George H. Ellis, of Boston, (No. 141 Franklin Square), sends "Heart-Beats," by Protap Chundar Mazoomdar, with a brief blography of that saplent Sahib, by Mr. Samuel T. Barrows. Short as it is this sketch is very interesting. We shall make no extract from it, but give, instead, two selections, which will explain themselves; "There is no real religion without miracles. Itstif the impossible becomes accomplished, and the so-called unnatural, an undoubted fact, nature will not rise above itself, and the Divine would hever be proved." Here in Divine would never be proved." Here in Sanskrit, choice no doubt, we have the substance of the Old Father's faith— "I believe, because it is impossible." We conclude with this: "Only the sense of the in cossible must come before it begins to be possible." There have been other seers than those of Judah, and other taberracles than those in the desert, or in the Holy Place at Jerusalem.

"The conscious stone to beauty grew; They builded better than they knew." Saturn and His Rings.

Every one who has given even the least attention possible to astronomical curios, says the St. Louis Republic, knows that Saturn presents a phenomenon to which there is nothing analogous in the whole of the solar system—two broad, flat and very thin rings being his constant attendants in his trips around the sun. Galileo first noticed a peculiarity in the appearance of this ringed planet, which he said "appeared like a large body placed between two smaller ones." Huygens first described the rings, and figured them for the benefit of those not fortunate enough to own a telescope. The breadth of these rings from the outer diameter of the largrings from the outer diameter of the larger to the inner edge of the smaller has been computed at 29,900 miles; total diameter of the outer ring, 167,000 miles; and a space of 16,000 miles is supposed to intervene between the inner edge of the small ring and the surface of the planet itself. The composition of these rings, or rather this system of rings (some authors mention three and even four, although two seems to be the number accorded by the majority of writers), is simply a matter of conjecture. Some astronomers claim of conjecture. Some astronomers claim that they are composed of material simi

lar to that of the planet itself, while others are sure that "they are composed of numerous satellites (moons) mineled with vaporous matter traveling in planes." Maxwell says: "The rings must be formed of separate particles moving around the planet as independent satellites." According to Otto Struve, observations on the rings for a period of over two hundred years prove beyond a doubt that they are widening and that the lower edge of the

M crobes (a r ed by Bullets.

inner one is slowly but certainly approaching the body of the planet.

Some interesting experiments were late News, by way of solving the question whether or not rifle bullets are liable to carry infection with them in their course of entry into the body. He made his trial with builets which had been nfected with germs of a particular kind, and the infected bullets were shot into tin boxes from distances varying from 225 to 250 meters—a meter being nearly 3 feet 3 3-4 inches. Inside the boxes were placed gelatin peptone in sterilized or germlers condition, so that whatever germ develepments were found in the peptone (which is a great growing medium for microbes) would be presumed to have come from the bullets. The tracks of the bullets through the gelatine were duly scrutinized, with the result that in each case germ growth took place corresponding to the particular microbes with which the bullets had been respectively infected. In another series of investigations the bullets vere made to pass through infected flannel before penetrating the gelatine, the bullets being of the ordinary kind. Here, again, micro-bic growth appeared in the gelatine showing that the flannel had yielded up its microbes to the bullets as they traversed If non-infected and ordinary bullets were used, the gelatine developed the ordinary germ life, such as the air contains. The bullet is, therefore, a germ carrier of very decided kind, and it is also clear that if clothing is penetrated by a bullet prior to its entrance into the issues, the missile will be liable to carry into the wound it makes the bacteria

how Love Grows. Gratitude is seldom a source of love We are not so likely to love those who we are not so fixely to love those who have done most for us, as we are to love those for whom we have done most. Love grows by serving, not through being served. There is a sad side to this truth, in the fact that those whom we love most dearly, and for whom we are doing most, cannot, in the very nature of things, love us as we love them. But there is always to the control of t us as we love them. But there is always an inspiration in this truth; for it tells us that we are to get our gain from lov-ing, in simply loving. The only way to love aright is to give love freely, hoping for nothing again. Thus, and thus only, can we be sure of receiving what we hope

The caves or grottoes discovered in Carniola, a province of Austria, in 1889, are said to be equal in extent to the Kentucky wonder.

HON SALLIE WENT TO THE EVIL.

(Writ special fur the Times, by Katie Harris, Nurse.) We was poor at our house, mighty poor! Times was harder'n I'd ever know'd em, an' Lord knows that ain't never bin no "floury beds" for these bones to

take a rest out That ar line o' that hymn-tune has allers kind o' puzzled me; I can't, fur the life o' me, see how folks could want floury beds! I reckon they must calk late on whitenin' thar sheets with the flour, but it do seem to me that if my sheets got that dirty. I'd make out to sleep on the tick, or go a visitin' long enough to git 'em washed, and not waste my flour tryin' to cover up the dirt!
Well, as I were a sayin', times was ter-

rible hard. 'Twarnt many of us at our house; me an' my sister Salhe-she were younger'n I were, an' a sight likeller-look-in',-an' my sister Sallie's five chillun them was all, but it were a tough pull fur jus' us to git sumthin' to eat and a

Salile's husban', he did a good business as long as he lived, a shovelin' coal; an he may be a keepin' at the same work whar he's gone, fur all I know! Seem like I hear somebody say onct that folk in the other worl' jus' kep' on a doin' of the same kind o' work they did here I wouldn' like to b'lieve that. I don' b'lieve I'd keer to go to Heaven, if I've got to go on a fryin' o' meat, an' a washin' o' dirty close, and dirtier chillern!
An' think o' dirty chillun's noses when they catches cold! What pleasure would thar be in a wipin' o' them through all etarnity, fur ever an' ever. Nor, sir. If they gits thar, too, an' has to have coldmus' jus' larn to tuck their heads r the'r wings like the chickens an'

other fowls o' the a'r do.

But I mus' go back to whar I lef'
slster Sallie's husban' a shovellin' coal.
Long as he lived we had enough au'
some over, an' when he died he lef' enough
money to git mournin' fur sister Sallie an' money to git mournin' fur sister Sallie an' the oldest gal, an' to have seven 'hacks at the funeral. I 'tended to ev'ything fur sister Sallie, an' we had 'bout as good a time as can be had at a funeral. I got a trottin' funeral, 'cause 'twas cheaper an' then it's a sight nicer to trot right along; 'tain't harf so tryin' on the nerves! An' when I bought the veil I were poticular to git a real thick one, so when ticular to git a real thick one, so wher sister Sallie stopped a wearin' of it, she could make it into a body or somethin serviceable; an' in case she didn' want to cry at the funeral, her face would be hid, an' she needn', an' if things went to blease her, she could smile easy to herse'f, an' wouldn' nobody have a chance to say nothin' bout it. It's nothin' like

Well, we had such a fine time at the funeral, an' a gittin' o' the mourners fixed up that it took all o' our money; so, arter we'd eat up ev'ything we had in the house, we had to begin an' sell the furniture. We begun to mourn then, sho' 'nough mcurnin'! I recollec' the fus' thing we sol' were

the spittoon, 'cause we could make out to spit in the fire. We sol' so many things that pres'n'y we had to move, 'cause we didn' have no more to sell; an' arter we onct begun to move, we had a spell of it that larsted for quite a while.

that larsted for quite a while.

Bime-by I got a job o' scrubbin' to do, an' arier folks found out I could clean up that dirt, things went easier with us; but sister Saille would be clean tuckered out by time she got done with them five chillun, so she warn't fitten fur no other work. She us'to git mighty blue bout it, an' say her heart were broke an' the like o' that, but I allers thought 'twere her back, an' not her heart that

Well, one day while I were out a washin Well, one day while I were out a washin o' some winders, I bear the ladies talkin' bout the times bein' so hard, an' one o' cm says, says she: "My husban's' business hasn' 'mounted to anything fur the parst six months. If I didn' git well-paid fur my stories I don' know how we'd.

"Yes," says the other one, says she: I git enough fur my column in the Now, thinks I to mysef, that's Jus' what sister Sallie can do; write a story! So I turned 'round as fas' and got through my job as quick as sory I sallie to the sallie of the sallie of

then when I went in to git my pay. I made bol' to arsk the lady how stories had to be writ. "Why," she says, says she; "write jus'

"Yes'm, says I, an' I didn' know no more'n I did befo; "but how do you do a story arter it's writ?"

"Why," she says, says she: "you jus' sen' it to the editor of a paper or magnzine, an' if they like it they'll print it: an' may-be they'll sen' you some money, an' maybe they wont."

I thanked her an' was goin' down the

steps, when she calls out to me: "Be sho to sen' the editor a stamp, or you won't never hear from him!" I didn' know nothin' 'bout stamps, an' what she said kind o' muddled me any-how; but I got over it befo' I got home, an' when I sot out to unfol' my plan to sister Sallie

sister Sallie, my spirits riz with ev'y word tell they was fair' a soarin', an' I elecuted like anything befo' I were "Why, sister Sallie," I says, says I "Why, sister Sallie," I says, says I; "jus' think on it! All you've got to do is to set down with a pencil an' a piece o' paper, an' it wont take you no time to make our fortune! Don't you recollec' bout the woman that b'lieved thar was money in chickens, an' went an' bought ten hans; an' how when she set had. ten hens; an' how, when she got back home she jus' took a piece o' paper an' a pencil, an' went right to work an' got pencil, an' went right to work an' got the money out o' them chickens in less'n no time? An' don't you hear, any time. bout folks livin' on paper? Why, I hear them ladies to-day a sayin' as how most ev'y body had to live on paper now-adays; an' 'specially them what live in big houses, an' war fine close. I'm a good min' to try if we can't do it too!

You jus' git me your bes' veil an' bonnet, an' he'p me to fix up so they'll think I'm us' to it, an 'I'll go right up town an' see if I can't git some. It'll be a sight cheap-er'n payin' fur meal an' meat". Sister Sallie got the bonnet an' vell an' Sister Sainle got, the bonnet an 'vell an' her dress she wore to the funeral, she were a savin' o' that to be buried in, an' I could'n make her b'lieve 'twould be out o' style in a new place—an' arter 1 got all rigged up to suit us, I started on my

errant.
Well, I walked tell I come to a ra'al nice, big store, an' I thought I'd better try thar fus'; so I hel' up my head, an' give myse'f a little shake an' a wriggle, like I see the fine dressed wimmen do, an' went up to a mighty fire lookin' man what was stardin' at the door, an' says

to 'im, says I: "Have you got any paper to spar'? I don't want to scimp you an' yours, but I'd like to git some. he didn' look at me. I thought he must be deef, or a puttin' on a'rs, but I aint very easy put out, so I lifted my voice, an' started ag'in: He didn't seem to hear me, least-ways,

"Have you got ——" jus' then a spry young fellow come up an' says, says he; "He's a dummy, ma'am! What'll you

"He is, is he?" says I; "an' deef too. "He is, is he? says I, "an' deef too, aint he? What a pity fur sich a fine man to be so 'flicted! Well, I want some paper."
"Yes'm," says he; "right thar!"
So I hel' up my head ag'in, an' went over to whar he pinted, an' a feller with his har parted down the middle, an' a glass breas'-pin in his shirt, says;
"Well, ma'am, what is it?"

'Well, ma'am, what is it? Says I, very haughty; "I want some

paper."
"What sort o' paper?" says he.
Still more haughtier I says; "I want
paper like folks live on; paper fitten to

cat!"
That blarsted, little fool popped his eyes an' looked at me like he hadn' never hearn tell o' such a thing; an' arter he'd took a good look he says to me, says he; "You go to grass, an' eat mullen!"
"I'm obleeged fur your advice," says I; "fur my cough is bad, sho 'nough; but I

didn' come here fur a receipt. Have you sot any paper like I arst fur?"

"Nor'm," says he; an' then he bent nigh double, an' 'peared to be in sech misery that I got over my haughty feelin's, an' says to 'im:

"You'd better git some Pain Killer, young man. Good-by!"

Weil, I went in 'mos' all o' the stores on the whole street, but I couldn' find the kind o' paper I wanted, an' I got so were out a lookin' fur it that I didn' keer if I couldn', fur I didn' feel like ho amount o' paper would give me the in'ard support that a good slice o' middlin' support that a good slice o' middlin

neat would! I know'd sister Sallie would be terrible upsot about it arter a lendin her good close fur the purpose, so I got her some paper to write on, an' a long pencil, hopin' she'd take 'em as a thank-offering. Sho med take em as a thank-ortring. Sho nough she did; an' arter we'd had our dinners an' washed the dishes, she sot right down to make fortunes on the paper,

'thout sayin' a word 'bout the dus' I got on her close, a wrigglin'. "Sister Sallie," says I; "afore you begin on the fortune, le's talk about things a

"All right, Kate," says she, a holdin' of

"All right, kate," says she, a holdin of her pencil up in the a'r an' lookin' ser'ous; "what do you want to say?"

Says 1: "Folks that talk to themse'f's talkin' to the devil, they tell me; an' as I aint in no humor fur sech doin's, I want you to look at me an' pay 'tention to what I say!" what I say!"
"Yes," she says r'al absent-like, "Yes," she says r'al absent-like, "didn' you say this story were to go to a

'Well," says I, "what's that got to do

"Nothin'," says she; "only I were

"Nothin, says sub-thinkin' I hear Bill say onet thar was devils in a printin' office." "Now, sister Saille," says I; "don't you holler tell you git hurt. Thar aint but one devil, as I knows on, an' if you keep in the streight path, 'taint no danger o' him troublin' you! The way's too steep an' too narrer fur you'n the devil both to go in, so just ease your min' o' that an' lis'en to me. What I say is this; you an't do house-work an' write at the sarve

time, so I mean to stay at home an' 'ten to things, an' you can have a fire in the ted-room an' write as fas' as you can so's to git the story ready for print. Now if I quit goin' cut to work, thar wont be no money to keep the fire agoin'; so we mus' make up our min's what we can sell that'll keep us that lorg." She chewed her pencil fur sometime, then she sald: 'it don't seem to me like I've got noth-

Says 1; "Whar's that blue wrapper yourn you aint wore sense you bin a wid-

"I can't spar that," says she, "I'll need it when I quit mournin." "Well," says I; "what's to pay with gittin' sumthin' out o' Bill ole close? You didn' keer much fur tim. I don't s'pose

you keer 'bout his close!"
"Not that way," sayes she; "but when git married nex' time they may come in.'

1 see what she say about not havin nothin' were r'aly true, so I to!' her to go long with the fortune, an' I'd hustle 'roun

an' fin' sumthin'.

I didn' have no close but jus' one other lot; we'd sol' all o' the erraments 'ceptin a picture o' mother an' father, an' that wa'n't to be thought of; an' scratch my head as I would I couldn'-yes, thar was

one thing more-my baby's shoes! Ah me, how the tears flowed a thought o' them shoes! Flowed till the present time were all washed away, an were carried a way back yender, when I were young, an' trouble wa'n' nothin' but a name; a thing to read about out never to know! Through my tears I see the little, three

room cottage, whar me an' my man lived an' worked together, an' the honey suckle whar us to clim' over the winderssecmed to me I could smell the very smel o' that honey-suckle!

An' that were my little Rosa, with her blue eyes an' sweet, lovin' ways, a runnip 'roun' an' showin' o' them very snoes to ev'y-body that come in. Then I remem ber d bow she grow'd up, so smart an sech a help, tell she were nigh onto seven teen years ole; an' then how, jus' befo her father were took with his las' sick ness, I went in her room one mornin' to to wake her up, an' found the bed al made up an' a note on the piller a sayin as how she'd gone away to marry a mar that I know'd to be a drunkard an' rascal. It all come back, when I thoug o' them shoes, an' though I hadn' hear

a thing about her from that day to th time sister Sallie writ. the story, I couldn went to thinkin uddent it come to me I could sell th

It wa'n't no mortal use in our 'temptis keep up with the times no longer; an don't see why I didn' think o' that hour

Off I started, an' in harf a hour I got back with four dollars in my pocket, some meat, an' a bran' new lamp, an' a galon o' oil in my han's. I didn' know whether 'twas midnight-oil, like folks in story books burn, or not, but I foun' it burnt fust-rate arter dark; so sister Sallie could work night an' day, tell our fortune was

Well, she did work faithful; she didn do nothin' else. She'd work so late at night she couldn' never git up to break-fas; but arter she did git up, an' git fixed fur the day, she worked at that story constant. I couldn' he'p noticin one thing 'bout it though, an' that were one thing 'bout it though, an that were that whar she'd save one piece o' paper that she'd writ on, she'd t'ar up two. 'Mos' ev'y day I'd have to buy it fresh, an' I begun to think livin' on paper wa'n't so cheap arter all. Howsumever, I didn' say so; but one day I says, says I:

"Sister Sailie, aint our fortune 'mos' made? 'Cause," says I, "thar aint but one twenty-five cents, an' two one cents

'Yes," she says, "I think if you'll just

"Yes," she says, "I think if you'll jus' git me a little more paper, I can git done in another week."
"Lan' o' life, sister Sallie!" says I, "what's goin' in our stomachs that week? I says; "we ca'n't live on that paper you've tore up, 'cause it's all writ on, an' I s'pose even paper had ought to be new to be good!"
She r'ally looked worrited when I says that an' pres'ny she says says she.

that, an' pres'ny she says, says she:
"I tell you what, Kate; you take an git me five cent's worth o' paper to copy my story on, an' a piece fitten to write to the elitor on, with a case to put i

in, an' a stamp. An' then, instead o' waitin' to copy the story, I'll sen' a letter to the editer, an' tell him I've got it 'mos' ready, an' arsk him to let me a little money on it, previous. Will that "To be sho," says I, "an' if you git it It'll be the smartes' thing you ever done."

I went an' got the paper she said git, an' had jus' two one cents let', so I tol' the man in the store I wanted to git a stamp, an' he took my two one cents, an' put a

little squar' piece o' pink paper in one corner o' the case, an' said that would carry it anywhar I wanted it to go.
"Mister," says I, "air you sho this lit-

Mister," says I, "air you sho this lit-tle pink paper is strong enough to carry this case, arter the letter gits inside?" "Oh, yes'm," says he, very smilin' an' perlite, "it can go clean to Californy with it!"

"Gracious me!" says I, "an' hev I got to walk all the way home a holdin' a dang ous thing as that in my han's? Why, I'll be clean tuckered out when I git that: An' pus' s'pose it takes a notion to go off an' carry me with it, what'll ever become o' sister Sallie an' the chillun? I hadn' no idea sech a little thing could do so much

With that thought in my min', I gripped it hard an' fixin' my eye on it, in a men-acin' way-I hear folks say you could manage wil' things that a way-I sot out fur home. I were mortal glad to git that an' lay that stamp down befo' sister Sal-lie! I tol' her what the man in the store say, an' I says to her, says I:

"Hurry up now, an' git the letter writ befo' the pesky thing takes it into his head to start!"

So she writ it right off, an' it looked ra'al purty to see, but I were so anxious to git it gone that I couldn' stop to hear it read. By time she got it fixed in the case, I had the winder open, ready to start it out; but jus' as I were 'bout te give it a good send off, one o' the chillun

holler'd an' say that wa'n't no way to

sen' a letter.

I tol' him, mighty dignified, if he know'd.
much better'n I did, he could sen' it hisse'f! So he took it an' run up to the corner, an' put it in one o' them oil boxes
whar they keeps so convenient on the
lamp posts.

I couldn' he'p a feelin' sorry fur sech I couldn' he'p a feelin' sorry fur sech a nice letter to git all greasy, so when he come back I arst him what he put it in the box fur, an' he says, "to make it go casy." I hel' my tongue then, but all the time I were a cookin' o' supper, I were a thinkin' 'bout the necessity fur grease, an' the scrt o' grease to use fur diffrent things. The grease o' human kin'ness, fur them as the world had cast off; an' the grease o' brotherly love, fur the weak an' sorrowin' ones; an' also, the grease o' the pocket-book, fur them as had empty stomachs! I thought so much about it that fus' thing I know'd the grease on the are was burnt up.

about it that fus' thing I know'd the grease on the are was burnt up.

Well, day arter day passed, teil a week had went by, an' didn' no letter come from Mr. Editer.

I could see sister Sallie were a gittin' anxious too; go arter she got done a copyin' o' the story, I says to her one day, says I:

"Slater Sallie, "says to be story of the sto

day, says 1:
"Sister Sallie, s'spose you take our fortune in your own han's an' try to fin'
Mister Editer? I'm kind o' feared the letter got ruined h. that oil box, an' he aint never got it. Or may-be he's poor too an a lackin' in sense hisse'f so had to borry ourn. You fix your frizzes an' git on your funeral dress an' bes' veil, an' go see

"But! she says: "may-be what Bill said were so, an' I might meet one! "One what," says 1; "you sho' aint feared of a man?"

'Nor," she says; "A devil!"

"One aint much worse'n t'other," says I: "go long sister Sallie, an' don't be sech

She went!

When she'd got started, I went to work an' straightened up things, an' got a piece o' meat on credit, so's to begin enjoyin' our fortune with a good supper. I put the supper on the fire, an' slicked up my ha'r an' then sot down to wait fur sister Sallie to git back.

'Twere mighty nigh dark when she come. I jus' stept to the winder to watch fur

I jus' stept to the winder to watch fur

had let' me a few hours befo'. I wouldn' a know'd her if I hadn' see her feet when she got out; but I couldn' make no mistake about them! I aint never see 'em equalled fur size an' flatness! An' by them signs I know'd her! Her bonnet were signs I know'd her; her boanet was completely crushed; her vell an' dress was tore; one piece of her friz were gone entire, an' she were dirty, but smilin' from one en' to tother. I know'd our

ortune were made! The man didn' come in, but shook han's an' got back in the hack, an' sister Sallie she come on in, st'll a smilin'. I couldn' hardly wait fur her to git in

befo' I arst:
"What on earth has a happened to you?

"Is the story all right," says I; 'an' dil you see Mister Editer?"
"Nor," says she: "I aint see no editer, but I left the story," An' she giggled

ra'al foolish. I see she wan't goin' to gratify me tell she'd gratified herse't; so I jus' waited on her quiet; but I burnt so with cur'osity twere a mercy I did'n sot fire to my close. Well, she finished arter awhile, quite a spell, in fac'; an' a drawin' o' her cheer ip to the fire, she shed her shoes, undone

ier wais' an' begin. Says she: "I didn' have no trouble a o' the place, but as I stopped so often to look in the winders, it took me some time on the way, an when I did git thar I were mos feared to goin, evything looked so dark. White I were a standard thar a makin' up my min', a man come

did I want.
I says to him, says I; "I wa'n't to fin' Mister Editer o' the Globe news-paper."
"Well," says he; "I dunno if he's upsta'rs or not, but you jus' go straight
up them steps tell you go up four pairs of 'em, an' then, if you strike a light you'll see the word "office" spelt on a

toor: Go in thar! "But," says 1; "I aint got no light to

up. I deciar' Katé, 'twas forty steps in the fus' pa'r! I thought I should a died 'fore I got up! An' the walls was that close I could stretch out my han's an' tech 'em both to onct. I couldn' he'p a thinkin' 'bout the way that was too nar-"So he gi' me a match an' I started thinkin' 'bout the way that was too narrer an' steep fur the devil to clim, an' 'twas mghty consoln, fur I felt kind o' squenmish in that dark place.

Seemed like I couldn' never git to the

top, but arter a long time I dld; an' when I made a light I see four doors, an' evy one of 'em had "office" on 'em! I couldn' make up my min' which one to knock at, an' while I were a workin' on it my light

an' while I were a workin' on it my light give out; an' thar I were!

I thought I'd better be a knockin' sumwhar, or night would ketch me way up thar, so I felt my way to one o' the doors, an' give a knock. The door flew open so quick I thought some-body mus' a bin lis'enin', at the key-hole; but if they was they way might some. they was mighty spry, 'cause the only body I see were a man a settin' at a table, an' he didn' even look up, but says, ra'al

"Very well, thank you, sir," says I, in a heap politer voice than his'n;
"Is this Mr. Editer?"

"What sort o' editer?" says he, still

"Mister Editer o' the Globe newspaper;" says I, r'al winnin'.
"Nor", says he: nex' door!" an' as he
hadn' never looked up, I took my leave
an' went out; an' the door shet as quick
as it opened.

I put my han' on the wall an' felt 'long tell I come to the nex' door, an' I give a knock on that. It flew open jus' the same way, an' thar sot another man a writin' at a table. "Well!" says he, befo' I could git inside

o' the room; "Well?"
"Yes indeed, sir!" says I, an' I thought
how editers' manners had been slandered;
"Tm quite well, but a little short-winded
from climbin' the sta'rs! May I arsk.—?

"Nor," he says, says he, "you needn' finish; I aint got time fur nothin' o' the If you b'lieve me, that door just' shet

itse'f an' lef' me out-side in the dark!

I got kind o' discouraged then, an' begun to feel sorry fur the men that had made fortunes on paper, an' other-wise; but I thought I'd better try onet more, so I felt along tell I found another door; an' I give a knock on that.

Well?"

He looked nicer'n the others, but I want a feelin' so well by this time, so I never said nothin' bout my health, but arst him;

"Is this Mister Editer o' the Globe news-

paper?" 'Nor'm' says he, a smilin; "the editer "Yes," says I; "but dont serve me none o"

your sass; I've had plenty o' that?"
He smiled more'n ever, but I were too
worrited to smile back!
To think o' the frouble o' climbin' all

them steps, an' then to have to go home without any money was more'n I could stan,' an' smile; I were nearer cryin,' a

stan, an smile, I were nearer cryin, a long sight!

I got up an' said I might as well be a goin, an' bid him goodby; but he were so extra perlite that he walked to the top o' the steps with me. Then he went back in his room an' shot the door, an' I were in the dark onet more. Howsumever, I were a comin' home then, an' the open door, way down at the bottom, give me a little light, so I hurried along all right tell I come to the top o' the las' pa'r. When I got thar I looked down, an' a way down, 'mos' at the bottom, but movin' steady up I got thar I looked down, an' a way down, 'mos' at the bottom, but movin' steady up t'wards me, I see a dark objec'! I could n' tell much about ft, while I were so fur away, but I see a little fire that kep' right, in front of it, a movin' an' stoppin' jus' like the objec' did.

In a instant it come to me I were face to face with the Devil. I couldn' see no horns, but thar c-rt'n'y was fire an' smoke a comin' out o' his mouth, an' 'twant no manner o' doubt in my min' 'bout it's bein' r'ally an' truly a devil!

I didn' know what to do! I couldn' run back if I had to die fus', an' I didn'

dare to go on down them steps. You said true when you to? me the way was too narrer, an' too steep fur me an' the devil both to go in. I know'd I'd git burnt if I didn' git ketched outright, if I tried to go by him; so, as he seemed to a stopped. I thought I'd better stan' still tell I see what he war a goin' to

do.

Unfortunate fur me. I hung my heel in my petticoat an' stumbled, an' thar not bein' no railln's to ketch by. I kep' on bein' no railln's thing I know'd I were bein' no failin's to ketch by, I kep' on a stumblin' an' fus' thing I know'd I were rollin' down the steps! My story dropped an' the leaves went ev'ywhar, an' I ain't never picked 'em up yit, an' the las' thing I recoiler' seein' was the devil when he stretched out his arms an' started on a

run t'wards me.

Lord, how I did bump them steps; But
the bumpin' warnt nothin' to the misery
o' feelin' I were a goin' to the devil as
hard as I could go!

hard as I could go:

I b'lieve I give a prayer fur mos' ev'y
bump, an' I know I give a swear fur the
odd ones, but I got thar jus' the same!

I feit the devil ketch me, an' then I
didn' know no more. When I come to
I were on a lounge in a nice room, an'
a dector an' some more men were attended. a doctor an' some more men were standia' roun'; an' when they see me open my eyes one of 'em steps up an' says to me, says he: "I'm feared I scairt you, marm-why, Sallie Smith, what air you a doin' here?"

why. Sallie Smith, what air you a doin' here?"

An' Kate, if you b'lleve me, 'twas Tam Jenkins, what us'to be my beau hefo' lill tol' sech lies an' drove him off. I tol' him I were a widder with five chilling, an' he sald he were a widder with five chilling, an' he sald he were a widder with three. He went an' got a hack an' feiched me home, an' he's a comin' to see me tomorrer; so maybe our fortune is made arter all! Have you got any money fur me to buy a new friz with?

I had lis'ened to her story mighty quiet, but when she wound up with that I got kinder riled, an' I says to her, says I: "Sister Sallie, don't you be too trustin' I reckon you see the devil sho' 'nough, an' he made hisse'f look like Tom Jenkins jus' to take you in. Don't you be

an' he made hisse'f look like Tom Jen-kins jus' to take you in. Don't you be fool enough to take a big devil an' three more little ones in the house! Your five an' him an' his three will make nine devils; an' that's worse'n the man in the Bible what carried the seven devils home with him; an' you know what the book says about his last state!

I jus' stept to the winder to watch in her, when a hack drove up to the door, an' who should git out o' it, but sister Sallie an' a man!

But nothin' I say didn' do no good. She put on the blue wrapper the verp nea' day, an' in six weeks him an' his devils war thar! I lef' an' went to the Hospital to git over it, an' sense then I've

kept for certain observations in a rear drawer or box (caja de herborizacion), the number diminished from day to day; at last only one-not a little fattened-re-mained by the side of the remains of his former companions, says Natural Science. Hitherto cannibalism among the crickets has been noticed only among captives, but I am now enabled to state that under certain conditions cannibalism is present among some orthoptera in the free state, at all events among the locusts.

"GI me some supper fus," says she: at all events, among the locusts.

"an' I can talk better."

"Is the story all right," says I; 'an' dil cessive heat and drought had brought about the nearly entire disappearance of vegetation in a good part of the country, and more particular in the broken country of the Band Oriental, I had occasion to make a journey from San Jose to Merce-des. At one place, La Piedras, at which the diligence stopped, I noticed great numbers of the locusts of the species penumbers of the loculats of the species pe-zatettix vittiger, pezotettix maculipennis, and pezotettix arrogans, which covered the ground and rocks. My attention was attracted by the fact of seeing around one locust a number of other individuals of the same species, which were eating its soft parts even while it was yet alive its soft parts even while it was yet alive and protesting vigorously. I saw different attacks, in which the conquerors, two or three at a time, got hold of the weaker members of their own kind, throwing them over, and opening the abdomen in order to devour the entrails, these being the softer and more savory portions since they still contained some of the vegetable food.

Cannibalism here appeared in its lowest development, and the numerous remains of those which had been eaten bore wites to the extent to which the process had been carried. In the face of facts of this character, it seems certain that nothing is sacred in nature when the pro-longation of life for the sake of the

vice given by a jeweler. The constant friction wears out the tiny gold points that hold the stones in place, and, un-less strict attention is paid to them, they become loose in a very short time. Sma purses of suede leather are made on pu purses of suede leather are made on pur-pose for rings, or any soft pouch of skin or chamois may be used to place the rings in when desiring to carry thom around with one. They should never be-put in the ordinary pocket book, as the rubbing against coins is also bad for them. Diamonds can be cleaned at home er if only a little trouble is taken. should be thoroughly cleaned in alcohol and then dried in boxwood sawdust. Pine sawdust is too oily for this purpose.

The Men We Need. "God give us men-a time like this, demands Strong minds, great hearts, true faith, and ready hands.

Men whom the last of office does not Men, whom the spoils of office cannot buy, who have opinions and a will,

Men. Men who have honor,-men who will not Men, who can stand before a dema-And dawn his treacherous flatterings

And dawn his treacherous mithout without winking.

Tall men—sun-crowned, who live above the fog.

In public duty, or in private thinking. For while the rabble, in their thumb-worn creeds.

Their large profession, and their little

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